WOMAN'S VARIED INTERESTS

FOR SUMMER MORNINGS

That stripes do not confine themselves entirely to the black-and-white genus is evidenced by this delightful seaside frock of lavender and faint cream striped taffeta skirt and lavender blouse with white Georgette sleeves and collar.

"It Isn't Enough To Be Just Americans; We Must Be Fanatic," Says Mary Antin, Who Wrote "The Promised Land."

Feelingly She Talks of Americanization, and Looks for the Day When Not Only Aliens but All Men and Women of Twenty-one Shall Be Admitted with Solemn Ritual to Civic Life in Its Best and Truest Form.

BY ERNESTINE EVANS.

"IT ISN'T enough to be just an American. It isn't enough. It doesn't mean anything. We must be fanatic."

It was Mary Antin talking, as she rocked back and forth in the swing on her porch, at Scarsdale.

I had come to talk to her about Americanization Day, the resurrection of the Fourth of July, that has won in a short three weeks support from coast to coast, and found her there, her gray eyes shining and her shock of short black hair crowning the delicate and dreamy face of the woman who has found in America the Promised Land and who makes of it a religion.

A Day of Welcome in Fifty Cities.

"Fifty cities," she told me, "have already told us that the Fourth of July this year will be a day of welcome to the aliens within their gates, and that the breath of reality shall be breathed into the creed of our people. I am talking, not about the Constitution—that is, after all, only a piece of machinery—but of the Declaration of Independence. In that we had our birth, and something of the fire of that declaration, in these days when democracies do draw the cold tongues of cynics, we must burn for these new-made citizens if they are not to miss altogether what America is and what, perhaps, it meant to them long before they left Europe to come to us.

"The war has brought things home to us—the things that we missed doing. We didn't make these aliens feel welcome. We didn't gather them to us as brothers in the light of our creed that all men are created equally dear in the sight of God, with the rights equally sacred to pursue life, liberty and happiness.

"If we are shocked at the way these millions within our gates seem to forget their American citizenship, surely we ourselves are to blame.

"We thought of the alien only as the fellow with the vegetables who came to the back door, or the man who was peddling the lace that we didn't want.

He Hadn't Known He Could Be a Citizen.

"If he became a citizen and took out his papers, it was a perfunctory process and not a spiritual adventure for me. We complain perhaps that so few of them do take out their papers. But the fault is not theirs. This case is not single. There was a Pole who lived for sixteen years in a little Connecticut town and never knew that it was possible for him to acquire citizenship. It was his little daughter, who happened to read a pamphlet in the public library reading room, who broke the news to him, joyful news that gave to him a thrilling consciousness of America as his.

"Oh, it isn't for him alone. It is for ourselves that Americanization Day should mean so much. For in such as he lies our civic salvation. He must be taught to care, and in teaching, we, too, shall foregather some of the high solemnity and the blessed eagerness of what American citizenship should mean."

Mary Antin is Russian born—a Russian and of the Jews; but no Pilgrim Father, no woman of 1776 ever was so heart and bone American; ever saw further down the long vista of democracy's dream, nor held with more passionate faith to living citizenship.

"I look forward," she says in her soft voice, with its touch of Slavic accent, "to the making of a civic ritual that shall mean what confirmation means to devout Christians. Not only our aliens, but the men and women of twenty-one who come to the gateway of civic life shall be met by the elders of the tribe, and we shall make a ceremony that shall affirm, not parrotlike, but truly, the fundamental political beliefs of this, our nation. For the rest of the year we may break up into parties and sections and trades and neighborhoods, but for that one day in a twelfthmonth, surely we could feel and think together, brother citizens for one single day.

The American Graces—Where Are They?

"We must find again the American graces.

"They are as distinct and as inspiring as the Christian graces. We must feel about them," she told me. "The snobbery that grows among our school children, we must know it for un-American. It is the little things that count.

"I know a little child who ran frightened into my house. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'It's an Italian,' she said, 'and my mother tells me always to run indoors when I see an Italian.' Is that not terrible? Is it not a sin against a little American soul to teach it that all Italians, our swarthy brothers, are evil?

"Take something else that happened here, for instance. One little schoolgirl said to another, 'Oh, Annie, your mother is only a cook and lives in a stable.' Only a cook—only! In the Old World that would be only vulgar, but here to speak that way of a human creature is a sin. Children betray their parents. Children will never know democracy which is so natural to them until we revise our vocabularies. It is a household duty. It is for mothers, sisters, cousins, aunts. We should dwell on what it means and is. In the nursery they should glimpse something of what that phrase 'We, the people' means, Slovak and Anglo-Saxon, one and all together in 'We, the people,' all Americans. Citizenship and all that it may mean should be household words, the food of growing up.

"All those things that are America's must be lived over and over. Americanization Day should stand for the renewing of our pledge to the nation.

Like Getting Religion—Either You Feel or You Don't.

"And these people who doubt the efficacy of democracy—don't blame them. Discouragement is all around. But as for believing—if one doesn't, it means one has not seen the burning bush. It can't be argued about. The common man though—he knows! It is like getting religion. Either you feel or you don't. And some great day with a ceremonial and for all who enter into the community's responsibility some ritual, that will be set for him in awful dignity, will surely stimulate the old ideals."

Nothing that was ever said about the Fourth of July, so it seemed to me as I watched Mary Antin tighten her hands and speak her faith, was ever nearer to 1776 than this new programme for Independence Day.

MARY ANTIN, Who Believes That We, as Well as Aliens, Will Profit by Americanization.

Borough President Marks Speaks In Favor of Open Air Schools

Advocates New Type of Schoolhouse to Improve Health of Teachers and Pupils—Report on Class Room Ventilation.

By HENRIETTA RODMAN.

"We should have open-air schools for all the children," Borough President Marks said to me. "The success of open-air classes has proved their value for normal children, as well as for those who are anæmic."

I wonder if you knew—I didn't—that the experiment of keeping the windows open all winter was tried in nearly a hundred classes in New York this year. Several thousand children, warmly dressed, breathed fresh air during the months when children and teachers in the public schools are usually inhaling chalk dust.

The teachers report that they found the children both less restless and less apathetic, and themselves less tired and nervous.

"Five years ago," said Mr. Marks, "I organized a tuberculosis preventorium for children near Lakewood. I studied the records of more than a thousand of these children. They gained an average of over six pounds in three months, and with two and a half hours of instruction a day they progressed further in their studies than did their classmates in New York studying five hours a day.

"That is to say, with good conditions of living, including proper food, we found anæmic children able to outdistance normal children under poorer conditions. In our open-air school the children worked and played and slept out of doors.

"I am strongly in favor of Superintendent Wirt's system of school organization, which includes out-of-door activities for the children. I visited Public School 89 in Brooklyn the other day. I have never seen a group of teachers and pupils who looked healthier or more alert.

"Dr. Wirt agrees with me that the health and happiness of teachers and pupils will be increased by more open-air classes and more out-of-door life.

"I am in favor not only of opening the windows of classrooms, but of building a different type of schoolhouse—open to the south. These schoolhouses would be cheaper in construction and more sanitary.

"By the way, I regard as extravagance any saving of money which retards human advancement. It is extravagant, in my opinion, to overwork teachers, extravagant to fail to give youngsters a chance for a swim in the river."

In his report on open-air classes Dr. Ogden Woodruff says:

"It had seemed to me on visiting schools in the springtime that the children in the regular classes were in poorer physical condition than in the fall. Many teachers complained of being exhausted at the close of the school day and in poor health at the end of the year. A considerable number of these teachers ascribed their condition to the artificial methods of ventilation employed.

"Studies of air conditions in the classrooms revealed the fact that in most of them, as measured by present ventilating standards, they were very good. Yet the fact remained that teachers and children seemed to become 'run down' during the winter.

"There is marked improvement of both teachers and pupils in the open-air classes. Some change in habits of dress is necessary, especially on the part of the teachers.

"A thin wash waist, which is comfortable in a hot, steam-heated apartment, is not sufficient for such a room, and unless teachers wear flannel waists or sweaters they will want to keep the temperature too warm for the more warmly clad children.

"There is a tendency, I think, for most of us to forget that, except in cases of extreme poverty, the average public school children who come from homes where there is no heating plant are accustomed to dress very much more warmly than those of us who live in steam-heated apartments, where the temperature nearly always tends to be too high."

It is interesting to note that in schools where a substantial lunch was provided for the children the average gain in weight was nearly twice that in other schools. In Richmond the Parents' Association of Public School 13 contributed $400 last year for food and clothing. That's an example of modern mothering of all the children.

Four thousand children and neighbors will celebrate Flag Day at Public School 4, The Bronx, to-day. The entire school will gather in Crotona Park at 11 o'clock, and salute the flag which will be raised on the building. In the evening an open air concert will be given by the Parents' Association of the school at the Crotona Athletic Field, Crotona Park North and Prospect Avenue.

A Home-craft Dining Room

MOVING into a summer cottage, a householder found herself short of furniture and short of funds at the same time. To remedy the deficiency she fell upon the heap of packing boxes in which her belongings had been shipped. She selected a large, stout box and sawed it through the sides evenly about four inches from the top. She sawed four equal lengths of strong lath and nailed these stoutly in place at each corner. Then she set up her improvised table and nailed some smooth pieces of board across the top, fitting them closely together, so that the cracks were negligible. She sandpapered the roughness from the legs, then painted the whole dark green. When it was dry she tacked white oilcloth over the top and her kitchen table was ready for use.

The dining room table was made in the same way of two such tables fastened securely together, and a third could be added in event of extra company. With the silence cloth and a dainty white cover no one could have guessed at the construction of the table.

Encouraged by this success, the inventive lady determined to contrive some chairs. Square seats were made, with straight pieces nailed together at right angles, pieces being fitted in the two sides to bring them to the same level back and front. Two pieces of furring lath were nailed stoutly to the back and cross pieces secured above and below the seat. The front legs were of the same material, little hollows being cut in the front of the seat to set them in, that they might be nailed the more securely. Putty and sandpaper smoothed over the surface. Squares of old wire fence netting were secured over the centre of the seat with staple tacks. The frames were then japalacked. A few good gunnysacks were washed and dyed dark green. Flat pads were made, stuffed underneath with excelsior and on top with cotton, and tacked over the centre of the seat with brass-headed tacks. Pads were made for the backs of the chairs and tied in place with ribbons.

The sideboard was contrived in much the same manner as the tables, excepting that it stood higher and was covered with the green burlap, which was laid flat on the top and dropped in pleats over front and sides, with a little heading, fastened by brass-headed tacks. Underneath boxes were placed one on top of the other, face forward. They held linen, dishes and silver. A large mirror, with burlap-covered frame, was hung crosswise above. Little burlap-covered bracket shelves were fastened on either side.

Black and White or White and Black?

BETWEEN a black and white combination and a blending of white and black the difference is—from the expert modiste's viewpoint—almost as great as that between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse. In nine cases out of ten the black and white mixture is the smarter and, it goes without saying, the more serviceable. Utility, however, is rarely considered by the type of woman who affects magpie costumes. She is seeking an effect which will maintain—if not enhance—her reputation for dressing in an individual manner.

If such a woman fancies that she has already rung every possible change upon her favorite combination she is vastly mistaken, for she has never as yet worn a skirt tiered with three white satin ruffles, each one headed with a narrow knife pleating in black. The pleatings match the material of a supple satin skirt and the bias-cut white ruffles of four-inch width, set far apart between hips' base and hem, show only at front and back, since at either side they vanish beneath untrimmed gores falling from the waistband and breaking the line of a deep yoke.

A pleating-headed white ruffle adds length and a loose effect to the back and sides of a black Eton whose excessively short and narrow fronts are joined across the bust by a four-inch wide band, fastening at either overlapping end with a pair of generously sized, self-covered flat buttons. White satin cuffs, pleating edged, are turned back upon the three-quarter cut-in-one sleeves of the jacket, whose high-standing, turned-over collar is in black satin. Nevertheless, the trying dark line so close to the face is kept in abeyance by the erect, tall collar in white lace belonging to the blouse clearly disclosed by the Eton's scant fronts and sleeves.

Scalloped Bands for Contrast.

Scalloped bands never have better performed the mission of emphasizing tone contrasts than when as broad affairs in black satin they trim the lower half of a skirt in white silk veiled in black mousseline de soie. The bands, set just far enough apart to show a few inches of the veiled skirt, are boldly scalloped to correspond with the lower edge of the deep yoke which makes the white silk foundation cling smoothly to the hips. Scallops of markedly smaller size finish the lower edge of a black sleeveless jacket whose back and sides drop loosely to several inches below the brush girdle flattening the fronts, which end near the waist line.

Above this girdle the jacket fronts form a slender V, revealing an unveiled white silk waistcoat ending in a high collar flaring slightly between chin and ears. Long, tight white sleeves are so veiled with mousseline de soie that they take on a mousquetaire appearance, as well as the subdued look, which is better—so far as arm coverings go—than the glaring contrast of clear white starting from black shoulders. Nevertheless, when a magpie costume does not include a jacket there is nothing smarter than unveiled white sleeves.

An instance of this is a model in white voile and black taffeta. The high-collared and long-sleeved voile blouse contrasts delightfully with a taffeta overwaist so recklessly cut away at sides and neck that it runs into mere straps where it crosses the shoulders, while at the belt it ends under a narrow box pleated frill. That odd little garnishing is a shorter edition of one on the edge of a black taffeta flounce forming the lower half of the white voile skirt and gathered on to simulate a series of tiny fans which confine the flare of a second deep flounce, similarly applied.

These little fans appear again along the edges of the deeply turned back self-cuffs on the voile sleeves. With a magpie costume nothing is more stunning than a white hat. The one worn at the Ritz-Carlton the other day with the voile and taffeta frock was a straw toque, trimmed with white grapes and black velvet leaves. Another hat on similar lines was in white hemp and carried a pair of blackbirds so posed that the tips of their wings met high above the back of the flat crown.

TAFT TO PRESIDE AT PEACE LEAGUE

Will Present World Court Plan at Conference in Philadelphia Thursday.

Ex-President Taft will open the League of Peace Conference, to be held in Philadelphia by the national provisional committee of one hundred and thirteen this week, with an address at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel Wednesday evening on his plan for a peace alliance of all the great powers. The other speakers at the dinner will be Hamilton Holt, editor of "The Independent"; Judge George Gray, of Delaware, and Oscar S. Straus.

The conference proper will open in Independence Hall on Thursday morning, June 17, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. Mr. Taft will preside. The general discussion of the proposals will be preceded by formal addresses by Theodore Marburg, of Baltimore, former United States Minister to Belgium; John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton University; John Bassett Moore, John Bates Clark, James M. Beck and Edward A. Filene, representing the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

The proposals to go before the convention provide for an international court to try all justiciable questions, a council of conciliation for the consideration of non-justiciable questions, the use of joint military force against a beginning of hostilities contrary to the terms of the alliance, and the formulation and adoption of a code of international law.

TEACHING YOUR CHILD THE VALUE OF MONEY

By SIDONIE M. GRUENBERG.

IN HIS "Children's Story-Sermons" the Rev. Dr. Hugh T. Kerr tells the following story:

One morning when Bradley came down to breakfast he put on his mother's plate a little piece of paper, neatly folded. His mother opened it. She could hardly believe it, but this what Bradley had written:

"Mother owes Bradley
For running errands.....$0.25
For being good..... .10
For taking music lessons.. .15
Extras ..... .05
Total .....$0.55."

His mother smiled, but did not say anything, and when lunch time came she placed the bill on Bradley's plate with 55 cents. Bradley's eyes fairly danced when he saw the money and thought his business ability had been quickly rewarded, but with the money there was another little bill, which read like this:

"Bradley owes mother
For being good $0.00
For nursing him through his long illness with scarlet fever ..... .00
For clothes, shoes, gloves and playthings ..... .00
For all his meals and his beautiful room ..... .00
Total that Bradley owes mother .....$0.00."

Tears came into Bradley's eyes, and he put his arms around his mother's neck, put his little hand with the 55 cents in hers, and said: "Take the money all back, mamma, and let me love you and do things for you."

The homes of this country are full of Bradleys who know nothing of rights and duties as related to money. And how should they know, never having learned? Among the children of the poor there usually develops rather early in life a keen appreciation of the value of money. Whatever money there is is quickly spent, and comes to represent pretty definitely the necessities and the luxuries of life. A nickel means a loaf of bread and a penny means a stick of candy. Money is hard to get and good to have, and without it there is privation and misery.

On the other hand, in the homes of the well to do and in the country, where comparatively little cash is handled, the opportunity to become acquainted with the sources and properties of money are comparatively narrow. Here people somehow have what they need, and no special effort or hardship is associated with getting these things. What is wanted is "ordered," and the children know nothing about the cost. Whatever money they may wish for the trifles they buy themselves can usually be had for the asking. When Jessica's mother declared that she really could not afford to give her the money for a large doll that had caught her fancy, the child reminded her simply that she might get the money at the bank.

Money plays so important a role in modern life that we are apt to take it for granted without thinking especially of teaching children what they should understand of the matter. Children should learn these things definitely and practically, beginning as soon as they are old enough to appreciate relative values. A child can begin by buying things for the household when he is able to distinguish the coins and count up the amounts. The age for this will, of course, vary with different children. It is, however, only through experience in buying that a person can ever attain to judgment in buying. The sense of values comes from familiarity with many values in terms of a common denominator.

When children come to have money with which to buy things for themselves, we are usually tempted not only to guide them, but to regulate them. Now, while guidance is a good thing, too much regulation is likely to defeat its own ends. It is so easy to spend money foolishly, and we wish to save the children from folly. But it is only by spending money both foolishly and wisely that the child can ever learn to know the difference; it is only by having experience with both kinds of spending that he can come to choose intelligently. It is more important in his early years to teach the child how to spend his money than to make sure that what he has is well spent. He will have more to spend later on, and the lessons will be worth more than the advantage of the early protection against unwise purchases. Caution and advice are to be given, of course; but like many other good things, they should be given in moderation.

Even in the matter of learning to save it is better to begin by spending. By spending trifling amounts as fast as they are obtained children come to realize the limitations of a penny or two. By occasionally omitting an expenditure and thus acquiring the power to purchase more satisfactory objects the child may acquire sufficient ability to project himself into the future for the purpose of saving for more and more valuable things. There is no virtue in saving that comes from putting the pennies in the bank through force of a habit formed under the compulsion of penalties imposed arbitrarily from without. The child should learn to save through the experience of advantage gained by making sacrifices in the present for a prospective return in the future.

In households that do not manifest through their activities and conversation the methods by which the family income is obtained children should be explicitly informed on the subject. It is not only embarrassing to the child to display his ignorance when comparing notes with other children, but it is a necessary part of his understanding of the world to know just how people obtain the precious tokens by means of which they secure all their necessities and luxuries.

Tiny Girl Babies and a Boy Bring Joy to Childless Homes

Papers of Adoption Make Legal the Happy Environments of Abandoned and Motherless Infants—Voice Teacher Takes Son of Baroness for Her Own.

Two little girls and a boy will have new parents and new names through letters of adoption signed by Surrogate Cohalan recently.

Charles M. Langbauer's mother, Mrs. Anna Langbauer, has been for twelve years companion of Mrs. Regina De Sales, a vocal instructor, with studios in Carnegie Hall. Mrs. De Sales, formerly Mrs. Frank V. Atwater, of Longdon, received permission from Surrogate Cohalan to adopt the lad. She said yesterday he had been a son to her for many years. He is now fourteen.

"Twelve years ago I was in Germany and took as my companion a young Bavarian baroness, who, like so many of the nobility, had a name and no money," said Mrs. De Sales. "She was little more than a girl and had a baby son. The moment I saw him toddle about the floor I determined that he should never leave me. The father had abandoned the mother and baby.

"He grew up thinking that I was his mother. He still thinks so, but now I guess I will have to tell him the truth," she said reluctantly. "As time went on we became so fond of one another that we really have been a small family of three.

"Then this war came on, and I decided to come to America and have him naturalized here, so in the coming years he could escape military service. I also wanted to adopt him legally. His mother was perfectly willing, and now he is my son by adoption. He has always been a son to me, anyway."

Mrs. De Sales would not say where the real mother could be found, except that she was in New York somewhere. The boy will go to school soon. He will inherit the property of his foster-mother.

One of the baby girls, Victoria Greeves, abandoned by her mother when two weeks old, has been adopted by Mrs. Katherine Temple Whitbeck, of 601 West 113th Street. She is the widow of Caleb Van H. Whitbeck, who died more than a year ago. He was owner of "The Hackensack Evening Record." The child will be the only heir and will be known hereafter as Temple Whitbeck. When abandoned she was taken by the Children's Aid Society, which intrusted her to the care of her present foster-mother. Victoria is happy in her new environment.

Frank M. Lopez, who is associated with the firm of Adolph Lewisohn & Sons, and his wife, of 936 West End Avenue, adopted Marjorie Adams, a baby left motherless in Peru a week after her birth. Mrs. Nellie Adams, the mother, died last November, and Percy E. Adams, the father, gave his consent to the adoption by the Lopez couple.